Four NEW SONGS.

VIZ.

1. Howe's Defeat of the French Fleet, on June 1st, 1794.
2. Cold blew the Wind.
3. No that will never do.
4. The Way of the World; or, a short Sketch of the Times.

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The Line was form'd.

THE line was form'd, the French lay too,
One ſigh I gave to Poll on ſhore;
Too cold I thought our laſt adieu,
Our parting kiſſes ſeem'd too few,
If we ſhould meet no more.
But love, avaſt! my heart is oak,
Howe's daring ſignal floats on high,
I ſee thro' roaring cannons' ſmoke,
Their awful line ſubdu'd and broke,
They ſtrike—they ſink—they fly!
Now dangers paſt, we'll drink and jok
Sing 'Rule, Britannia, Hearts of Oak,'
And toaſt before each martial tune,
'Howe, and the glorious firſt of June.'

CHORUS.

Now dangers paſt, we'll drink and joke,
Sing 'Rule, Britannia, Hearts of Oak,'
And toaſt before each martial tune,
'Howe, and the glorious firſt of June.'

So if you'll attend to my humourſome rhymes,
See how the world goes in theſe new-fangled times,
For here's bite upon bite! take the world as it goes,
How one half of it lives the other half never knows.

Some to ſcratch up a living what ways they contrive,
And ſome they are falling while others do thrive;
Some with all their endeavours ſhall ſtrive night and day,
Thoſe that take no care at all do better than they.

And if by misfortune the world it ſhould frown,
Who is ſo ready as your neighbours to run you down?
They ſeem ſo mighty civil, ſpeak fair to your face,
Yet go chattering about to tell every one your caſe.

They backbite and ſlander, your reputation enthral,
And in ſecret rejoice to ſee your downfal.
Theſe are the obſervations I daily do ſee,
Both in high life and low, in every degree.

In every vocation, with ſtrangers and friends,
We are all for ourſelves, to ſerve our noble ends;
For all the world over, believe me it's true,
Without you've got money no friendſhip for you.

Fine words they ſound well, Sir, as times now goes,
You're a gentleman ſure if you've got fine clothes,
To ſwagger and palaver, and make the folks think
You're a man of property and have plenty of chink.

But if you are poor in apparel, to ſpeak it in brief,
You're diſdain'd like a beggar, and look'd on like a thief!

Here's money gets money, the rich they will thrive,
While thousands of poor they can hardly survive.

Trade at a stand, they so long been out of bread,
Forced to pawn their clothes, even left their bed,
Now about the streets for a living they parade,
Submit to the frowns of the world for the want of trade.
Let's hope that the wars may no longer survive,
And trading get brisk, that poor people may thrive.

Would the graziers comply to the butchers' relief,
And reduce the high price of mutton and beef,
Troubles would cease, and our joys would begin,
We'd never mind the rising of a poor drop of gin.

So now to conclude the few verses I've penn'd,
Sweet blessings of peace, bring the wars to an end.
May our soldiers by land, and our sailors at sea,
Return with the triumph of glorious victory,
In a flourishing state, let us loyalty sing,
Old England for ever, and God save the King.

Finis.

Printed by Ann [illegible], Penrith.